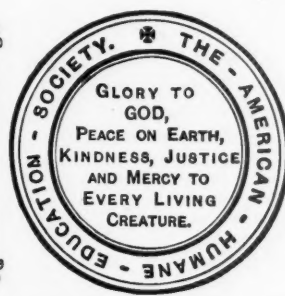


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 33.

Boston, October, 1900.

No. 5.



THE CARNIVAL AT VENICE.

By kind permission of "Every Other Sunday."

ARE WE IN
IT.

[From
the Washington
Times.]

If the regiments and batteries of the United States are compelled to help the Russian and French contingents to capture Chinese cities, only to stand by helplessly and witness sack, outrage, arson and indiscriminate massacre committed by the latter, it is perhaps a question whether that is a proper or tolerable use of our army, and whether we have any stake in China sufficient to justify us in negative participation in such crimes.

Take our word for it—humane men or women—if you could see one day of battle you would pray Almighty God to hasten the coming of Peace on Earth.

A German proverb tells us that every great war leaves a country with three armies—one of invalids, one of mourners, and one of idle persons ready to commit crime.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

"THE ENTIRE CHINESE POPULATION."

LONDON, Sept. 21, 1900. "Authentic accounts have been received here," says the Moscow correspondent of the "Standard," "of a horrible massacre at Blagoveshchensk, which was undoubtedly carried out under the direct orders from the Russian authorities, and which then let loose the tide of slaughter through Amur."

"The entire Chinese population of 5000 souls was escorted out of town to a spot five miles up the Amur, and then, being led in batches of a few hundred to the river bank, was ordered to cross over to the Chinese side. No boats were provided, and the river is a mile wide. The Chinese were flung alive into the stream and were stabbed or shot at the least resistance, while Russian volunteers, who lined the bank, clubbed or shot any who attempted to land. Not one escaped alive. The river bank for miles was strewn with corpses."—*Boston Herald*, Sept. 21st.

We notice that New York capitalists are asked to loan Russia money to help carry on this war. GEO. T. ANGELL.

Unnecessary wars are simply wholesale murder, and the men who cause them [however high their positions] are the greatest and worst of criminals.

There was never a time in our country's history when humane education in all our colleges and humane education and "Bands of Mercy" in all our schools was more needed than now.

SPAIN GAINS STRENGTH, WHILE WE LUG HER FORMER LOAD.

While the United States are still carrying on the war in the Philippines—for the privilege of conducting which they paid twenty million dollars—Spain, relieved of her colonial incubus, is making rapid strides toward prosperity.

Her bonds, which two years ago sold below thirty per cent of their face value, are now above seventy. Private as well as public credit has improved, capital is pouring into the country, new industrial enterprises are getting under way, and there is a notable expansion of commerce.

Meanwhile in our struggle with the white elephant we took off Spain's hands in the Philippines we have sacrificed thousands of American lives and sunk nearly two hundred million dollars.—*New York Herald*.

THE LARGEST ARMY OF PENSIONERS IN THE WORLD.

The official report of our U. S. Pension Bureau shows that on June 30, 1899, there were 991,515 persons drawing pensions, and over 400,000 applicants for pensions, and the pension payments from June 30, 1898, to June 30, 1899, were \$139,482,676.

How many have been added to the list since June 30, 1899, or how many will be added at the close of our Philippine and Chinese wars we do not know, but we are credibly informed from Washington that on June 30, 1899, our army of pensioners was the largest in the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE COST OF WAR.

In his one campaign against Russia Napoleon lost nearly four hundred thousand men, and the sufferings of horses as well as soldiers were beyond description.

PERHAPS.

If the *Maine* had never been sent to Havana [which we think she never should have been], or if Captain Sigsbee, when warned at that Sunday bull-fight [he and his officers attended], that his ship was in danger, had ordered his boats kept out every night on guard, perhaps all the consequences of that blowing up and the terrible sufferings of both horses and men might have been prevented.

WAR WITH SPAIN.

The following resolution was unanimously passed by "The American Humane Education Society" at its annual meeting, March 29th, 1898, and at once telegraphed to President McKinley and published in *Boston daily papers of March 30th*:

"Resolved, that the thanks, gratitude and kindest wishes of 'The American Humane Education Society,' representing over thirty thousand 'Bands of Mercy' in the United States and elsewhere, be hereby rendered to the President of the United States for his efforts to save our country from the curse of war."

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of The American Humane Education Society, representing over thirty thousand Bands of Mercy in the United States and elsewhere.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 31, 1898.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your telegram of the 29th instant, which the President has carefully noted.

Assuring you, and through you the members of your Society, of the President's sincere appreciation of their resolution of confidence and good-will, I am,

Very truly yours,

JOHN ADDISON PORTER,
Secretary to the President.

Mr. GEO. T. ANGELL,
President, etc., Boston, Mass.

The following additional telegram was sent to the President and a copy to every member of Congress on April 2nd, and was published in *Boston daily papers* and elsewhere:

To the President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

If I were the President of the United States (which I am certainly most thankful that I am not) I would not hesitate to say to Congress, if it becomes necessary, and to the whole civilized world, that in the present condition of negotiations with the Spanish Government we have, in my judgment, no more right to force Spain into a war, and kill perhaps thousands of the young men compelled to serve in her armies and navy, than a pirate has to commit murder on the ocean or a highwayman to commit murder on the land.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

From May, 1898, "Our Dumb Animals."

CHINA.

The question to-day with European governments is, *What are the white men going to do with four hundred millions of yellow men?*

To our mind another question likely to be vastly more important *one of these days* is, *What are the four hundred millions of yellow men going to do with the white men?*

Napoleon said, "Better let China alone. The Chinese are harmless now. We might conquer some of their provinces, but we should teach them the art of war, and they might, in time, get great armies, build or buy great navies and conquer France."

If European governments should kill a million Chinamen and teach them the art of war, how about the three hundred and ninety-nine millions who have learned it? And if in learning the art of war they should also learn the arts of peace, and with three hundred and ninety-nine millions of cheap laborers enter the world's markets, in competition with European and American labor, what then?

The question is now, what are the white men going to do with the yellow men, but may it not be the great question of the future, what are the yellow men going to do with the whites?

Many years ago we met in Paris our United States ambassador to China [Mr. Burlingame] and asked him whether it would not be a good plan to establish a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in China. He replied that cruelty to animals was unknown in China. They were wonderfully humane to animals.

At the New Orleans International Exposition in the winter of 1884-5 we were assured by the gentlemen representing both China and Japan that Mr. Burlingame's statement was correct.

In the United States we have enacted, as everybody knows, most stringent laws to shut out Chinamen, while the Chinese government has received all Americans kindly, and we are assured that the present trouble has not been caused by our missionaries, but by the land-grabbing governments of Europe. We are assured that the Chinese are larger, physically, than the Japanese, and as a nation more intelligent, and that while peaceably inclined, they will, when properly armed and disciplined, make excellent soldiers, as they have little fear of death. On the whole we think it our duty, in the interest of peace on earth, to speak a kind word for the Chinamen and to express the hope that the vast suffering, both to animals and men, involved in a Chinese war, may be prevented. We have had wars enough already. What we want now is humane education and "Bands of Mercy" in the schools of all countries of the civilized world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most agreeable work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

BISHOP WHIPPLE OF MINNESOTA AND HIS HORSE.

[Extract from Reminiscences of Bishop Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota.]

On one of my visits to the Sioux Mission in 1861 I reached New Ulm at noon. The thermometer was *thirty-six degrees below zero* and there were indications of a severe storm. I stopped at the house of Louis Robert, a French Indian trader. . . .

When I told Mr. Robert that I had promised to be at the Mission next day, and reminded him that Indians call men liars when they do not keep their word, he made a quick inspection of me, looked at my horses and said: "Bishop, with that buckskin suit and fur coat you'll go through all right, only I'll give you three pairs of moccasins to put on in place of your boots. One never knows what sort of storms will come up on the prairies. The first seven miles of your journey you will find three houses, but none after that for twenty-three miles. Let your horses out at their best speed when you reach the prairie; you can easily follow the road as the grass will be high on either side." Without a moment's delay I pulled on my moccasins and started, driving at a rapid speed until well out on the prairie, but suddenly I discovered that the grass had been burned before the snowfall, and there was nothing to define the road. I found by the hard stubble which showed itself where the snow had been driven off by the wind that I was hopelessly out of the track. The windstorm which had already set in had obliterated the road over which I had come as completely as it had the stretch before me. In passing through several of the coulees with which the prairies abound my horses were breast deep in the snow.

A starless night came on, and with the wind sweeping the snow first into almost impassable drifts and then levelling them to the bare ground, I had to confess myself lost.

Until one has encountered a Western blizzard the word has little meaning. The Indians have always paid me the highest compliment when they have said that I could follow a trail and find the points of the compass as well as any Indian.

I now kept my horses headed in the direction which I thought to be that of the agency. I said my prayers, threw the reins over the dash-board, let the horses walk as they would, and curling myself up under the buffaloes hoped that I might weather the night.

Suddenly Bashaw stopped. I was confident that the wise fellow had struck a landmark, for he knew as well as I did that we were lost. I jumped from the sleigh and could distinguish in the darkness something under the snow that looked like a huge snake. It proved to be an Indian trail. The Indians always walk single file to avoid an ambush, and in the loam of the prairie these trails are several inches deep. Bashaw followed it, and when his mate was inclined to turn out he put his teeth into his neck and forced him into the path.

Mr. Hinman was so sure that I had started that he had kept a light in the window of the agency, and when Bashaw saw it he leaped like a hound from his kennel. When we reached the Mission and Bashaw, comfortably stalled, turned his great eyes upon

SOME PEOPLE.

Some people [even in our own city] have very little comprehension of the reach and influence of our "Bands of Mercy." Nearly every pupil in the schools of Washington, D.C., is a member. So is nearly every pupil in the schools of San Francisco. So are nearly all the pupils in some two hundred Massachusetts cities and towns. Last year a meeting of nearly twenty-five thousand "Band of Mercy" members was held in Kansas City, Missouri. These "Bands" are all over our country in every State and Territory.



From "Animal's Friend," London.

me, his whinny said as plainly as words, "We are all right now, master."

Bashaw was own cousin to the celebrated Patchin [Mambrino Patchen?] He was a kingly fellow and had every sign of noble birth—a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, small, active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin gambrels, heavy cords, neat fetlocks, and was black as a coal. He was my friend and companion for over fifty thousand miles, always full of spirit and gentle as a girl. The only time I ever touched him with a whip was on the brink of a precipice where the path was a sheet of glare ice, and as the wagon began to slide I saved us both by a lash, but the blow hurt me more than it did Bashaw. He saved my life when lost on the prairies many times. In summer heat and winter storm he kept every appointment, often with heroic effort. Patient, hopeful, cheerful, he was a favorite of all the stage-drivers, and upon coming to an inn, cold and wet, I was always sure to hear a kind-hearted voice cry, "Bishop, go into the inn; I know just what the old fellow needs."

A few months before he died at thirty years of age I sent him to a friend in the country to be pastured. One day some colts in the same meadow were racing and Bashaw, who had been noted for his speed, with all his old fire joined in the race and beat the colts. He soon after died and I wept when the news came to me.

WAS IT TELEPATHY OR WHAT WAS IT?

A friend sends us from the *New York Herald* of September 14th an interesting account of a French gentleman who, while walking in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, was suddenly impressed with the death of a sister, some three thousand miles from Paris, and on telegraphing ascertained that she died at or about the very time he was so impressed.

Our own good mother died in 1868 in Vermont. At the time of her death we were riding horse-back in Newton, near Boston, and were suddenly taken violently sick. We got home as soon as possible, got off our horse, and told the good lady with whom we were boarding that we did not know what was the matter but felt terribly. The next day we found by telegraph that our good mother, whom we did not know to have been sick, had died at or about the very time at which this feeling came over us.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DO YOU NOT UNDERESTIMATE?

In your zeal for humane education, Mr. Angell, do you not underestimate the value of other charitable organizations?

I answer: There was, perhaps, no man connected with "*Harvard University*" better qualified to judge of the importance of humane education than the late Rev. Dr. Frederic H. Hedge, who wrote me: "I greatly approve of your enterprise, which seems to me the best charity of the day." And probably no woman living was better able to judge of its importance than Frances E. Willard, who wrote me: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any founded in the name of Christ."

I think the careful investigator will find that what the Mississippi is to little streams, and Mont Blanc in Switzerland is to little hills, humane education is to a thousand other good, but lesser, charities.

I think the careful investigator will find that the success of every other charity depends largely for its life and usefulness on humane education. GEO. T. ANGELL.

"BLACK BEAUTY."

Some people are curious to know if we continue to have large orders for "Black Beauty."

We have received this morning an order for 2,000 copies. We believe that "Black Beauty" will some time occupy a place in nearly all the languages of the world, and will be read almost as widely as the Bible.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1900.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month fifty-four new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of forty-three thousand one hundred and thirty-nine.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

PROTECTION OF ANIMALS AND HUMANE EDUCATION.

At the September meeting of the Directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held Sept. 19th, President Angell reported that the officers had since last monthly report attended to 2,545 cases, taken 120 horses from work, and mercifully killed 170 horses and other animals.

The "Bands of Mercy" now number 43,139. There seems to be no falling off in the demand for "Black Beauty." A single order received during the last month was for 2,000 copies.

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

I was, however, delighted to see that the "American Humane Education Society" in Boston, Mass. is doing excellent work here in getting the French to pay more attention to the sufferings of animals.

The French, who love their children and treat them with the greatest kindness, have very little compassion for the lower creatures, and the efforts of this admirable society will, let us hope, lead to good results. Mrs. A. C. Reynolds, who represents the Humane Education Society in this section, informed me that the society is giving away 18,000 copies of "Animal Rights," 7000 copies of "Black Beauty" (in French), and 300,000 leaflets in French and English.

There is no doubt that if the French were to follow the advice of the Humane Education Society and form so-called Bands of Mercy, sufficient interest might be aroused throughout the country, and we would be spared the sights of cruelty to horses which shock every American who comes to France.

The Philadelphia Record.

A LADY TELLS US.

A lady tells us of the great cruelty she has seen in a country town where she has been passing the summer, and wants to send our humane literature into the schools of that town:

We reply: yes, madam.

What you have seen in that town is only what exists to-day in more than ten thousand country towns, saying nothing of cities, and we only wish we had a million of dollars to send our humane literature into the schools of every one of those towns and cities. You will find cruelty to animals in greater or less degree not only in almost every town of Massachusetts, but also in almost every town in America. Prosecutions by people who happen to know of some of these cruelties, and are willing to go into court and testify will never prevent one thousandth part of the cruelty. The only effective remedy is the humane education of the youth and children in all the public and private schools of America, and that is what our "American Humane Education Society," through its Bands of Mercy and otherwise, is seeking to promote.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO PHYSICIANS AND THE SICK.

We are told that the little tablets of morphine—a grain or a quarter or eighth of a grain, etc., are all of the same size and look alike. A grain may kill a patient. Considering the various hands these tablets are liable to pass through, it seems to us that they should so differ in size as to make mistakes impossible.

FROM NEARLY EVERY STATE AND TERRITORY.

From nearly every State and Territory in our Union we have requests to stop cruelty in various cities and towns. Our "American Humane Education Society" is glad to do all it can with the pecuniary means at its disposal, but to respond as we should be glad to to all these calls would require a million of dollars to carry humane education into all our country's schools.

DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

We are told that a Boston physician has written us some severe letters because of what we have said about vivisection.

On the other hand we have received from Boston physicians in the past three years legacies and gifts amounting to between twenty and thirty thousand dollars, and have been recently notified by another Boston physician that he has remembered us in his will.

Perhaps there is no harm in adding that we have on our table this morning a letter from a Nebraska ranchman, informing us that he has made his will in favor of our "American Humane Education Society," and kindly expressing his belief that our work is doing more for the world's happiness than all our United States armies have accomplished in our recent wars. We thank him for his kind opinion.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NATURE'S TE DEUM.

Deep in the woods I hear an anthem ringing
Along the mossy aisles where shadows lie;
It is the matin hour, the choir are singing
Their sweet *Te Deum* to the King on high.

The stately trees seem quivering with emotion,
They thrill in ecstasy of music rare,
As if they felt the stirring of devotion,
Touched by the dainty fingers of the air.

The grasses grow enraptured as they listen,
And join their verdant voices with the choir,
And tip their tiny blades that gleam and glisten
As thrilled with fragrant fancies of desire.

The brooklet answers to the calling river,
And singing slips away through arches dim;
Its heart runs over, and it must deliver
Unto the King of kings its liquid hymn.

A shower of melody and then a flutter
Of many wings; the birds are praising, too,
And in a harmony of song they utter
Their thankfulness to Him, their Master true.

In tearfulness I listen and admire
The great *Te Deum* nature kneeling sings;
Ah, sweet indeed is God's majestic choir,
When all the world in one great anthem rings.

Sacred Heart Review.

(From New York Evening Post.)

Dr. H. J. Garrigues of No. 716 Lexington avenue, chairman of the committee on apparent death, of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, has addressed a letter to the Health Board calling the board's attention to the desirability of altering the sanitary code so as to guard better against the possibility of premature burial. Among other things, it is suggested that the form of the death-blank be altered, the chief signs of death being enumerated in the blank, and that the physician shall indicate the presence or absence of each sign. It is also suggested that the board make it illegal to do anything to the body of the supposed dead which, if he were alive, would cause him pain or injure him, before the certificate of his death has been signed by the physician.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

Over forty-three thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance Associations*, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed. Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



THE FOG SIGNAL.

Used by kind permission of "The Little Chronicle," Chicago.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON CHURCH, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Esq., President American Humane Education Society.

My Dear Sir:—I send you herewith enclosed New York draft for \$25, which please accept as a token of the deep interest I feel in the good work in which you are so assiduously engaged.

With best wishes and prayers for your continued success, I am, yours very truly,

LORENZO SNOW.

A LETTER WE VALUE.

The following letter, coming to us from an eminent Pennsylvania judge, [uncle of U. S. Senator Penrose, of Pa.] we value highly:

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 13, 1900.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I have read your Autobiographical Sketches with the deepest interest. The narrative of facts has all the charm of romance, and while professing only to tell the story of a noble charity [a charity which I find to be of very wide application] it is incidentally a contribution to our historical literature of great value. I shall give the volume a permanent place in my library.

Sincerely yours,

CLEMENT B. PENROSE.

The last time we met John Boyle O'Reilly was in his office on Washington street. He took down from a shelf just over his writing table the book above referred to and said, "There, Angell, I always keep that book here, and sometimes when I get a little leisure I read it." Very few letters we have ever received have given us more pleasure than that remark of John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

SIR,—If any one has been very nearly suffocated they will tell you that the lethal chamber process is a frightful death. The feeling is horrible; sometimes the dogs take over five minutes. Poisoning by hydrocyanic acid takes only half a minute—why not use it? Is it the expense or want of knowledge on the part of the destroyer? In regard to the suffocation, I am writing from my own experience. Kindly put this in your *Animal World*, and oblige.—I am, sir, yours, etc., ARTHUR H. JACOBS, M. R. C. V. S.—*Animal World*, London.

What is that which, though black, enlightens the world? *Ink.*

NERO.

BY REV. E. PAYSON HUBBARD,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

In the year 1861 the steamship *Swallow* left the Cape of Good Hope, bound for England. Among the passengers was a child of two years, and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a handsome Newfoundland dog. A company of the passengers were assembled on the deck, when suddenly all were awe-struck by the loud and piercing screams of a woman.

The nurse, who had been holding the child in her arms at the side of the vessel, had lost her hold of the restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the great Atlantic. But something rushed swiftly past her; there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the water, and then Nero's black head appeared above the waves, holding the child in his teeth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was lowered, and the ship's surgeon ordered the sailors to pull for their lives. One could just make out on the dancing waves the dog's black head, holding something in his mouth.

The mother of the child stood on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat, and the black spot upon the waves still holding firmly to the scarlet jacket.

Sometimes a billow higher than its fellows hid for a moment dog and child. But the boat came near enough at last to allow of the surgeon's reaching over and lifting the child and the dog.

"Alive!" was shouted from every lip, as the boat came within hail of the steamer; and, as the answer came back, "Alive!" a "Thank God!" broke from every heart.

Then the boat came up to the ship's side. Many hands were stretched out to help the brave dog on board, and "Good Nero," "Brave dog," resounded on every side. But Nero trotted up to the child's mother, and looked up into her face with his big brown eyes. It was as if he said, "It is all right, I have brought her back quite safe." The

mother dropped on her knees, and taking his shaggy head in both hands, kissed his wet face, the tears pouring down her face. Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet of the whole ship. It was curious, however, to see how from that time on he made himself the sentinel and bodyguard of the child he had saved. He always placed himself at the side of the chair of any person in whose arms she was, his eyes watching every movement she made. Sometimes she would be laid on the deck, with only Nero to watch her, and if inclined to creep out of bounds, Nero's teeth, fastened firmly in the skirt of her frock, promptly drew her back. When the steamer reached her destination Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. Some one cried, "Three cheers for Nero!" and they were given with a will. And "Good-bye, Nero," resounded on every side. He kept close to the nurses' side, and watched his little charge arrive on dry land.

He was taken to the home of his little mistress, where he lived until he died of old age. His grave is in an English churchyard, in the burial plot of the family to which he belonged, and is marked by a fair, white stone, on which is engraved—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF NERO."

THE SALARIED PHYSICIANS.

As many know, the Chinese physician receives a salary from his patients as long as they are well, and as soon as they get ill his pay stops. Some American families, not disdaining to learn something from the other side of the world, have partially adopted the same plan; that is, they pay the salary whether they are sick or well; and it is, of course, the interest of the doctor to keep them well as much as he can so as to save himself the trouble of attending them.

When the Chinese method, or the American modification of it, comes into general practice, it will be the interest of the physician who has charge of a family to study each member of it—physically, mentally, spiritually; to prescribe for them correct environment, proper diet and healthy habits; and to labor with the view of inducing them to keep in touch with all these.—*Will Carleton's Magazine.*

SULPHUR.

Geo. T. Angell, publisher of *Our Dumb Animals*, in this month's issue again calls attention to the usefulness of sulphur sprinkled in the shoes as a preventive of the grip. *Quite a number of people have tried it here with good results.*—*Wellingford (Conn.) News.*

It is a fact that when it was prevailing as an epidemic largely in our city a few years ago, I ascertained, by inquiry of my officers at "Byam's Match Factory," that of the forty-three persons employed there not one had been troubled by it.

I have at various times told the press how many at Memphis, Tennessee [including the agents of "The Howard Benevolent Association,"] escaped the terrible epidemic of yellow fever there [as they claimed] by wearing powdered sulphur in their shoes—also the evidence of a distinguished German medical writer translated into English, that wearing sulphur in this way has proved a complete protection against cholera and other epidemic diseases—also that those working the sulphur mines of Italy escape the malaria which prevails all about them—also that sulphur in the shoes has cured various cases of rheumatism—also that sulphur taken internally or worn in the shoes has sufficient power to pass through the body, the clothing and the pocket-book, blackening the silver there.

I find in the London *Lancet* that no less authority than the president of the Institute of Civil Engineers of London declares that the sulphurous vapor produced by the combustion of coal in that city kills the disease germs in the atmosphere.

It seems to me a duty, at this time, to again suggest as widely as possible through my own paper and

others that sulphur is very cheap, and whether it destroys or keeps out germs of disease from the body, or only acts upon the imagination it cannot do much harm to try it.

In the Scott County [Mississippi] *Register* of June 15th last will be found an account of how the agents of "The Howard Benevolent Association," at Memphis, escaped yellow fever by wearing sulphur in their shoes.

Half a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur in each shoe or stocking is considered to be sufficient.

Captain Julius A. Palmer, of this city, wrote us last year:

"By the way, in view of your frequent recommendations of common sulphur, it came to my notice recently that on California ranches where walnuts are prepared for the market the shells are bleached by the use of brimstone fumes, and that the men having charge of that work are never touched by the gripe, influenza or other epidemics which attack their fellow-laborers on the same estates." GEO. T. ANGELL.

A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS.

This is from Mr. Bradford Torrey's article, "Dyer Hollow," in the *Atlantic*:

A noble creature is man—"a little lower than the angels." Two years in succession I have been at the seashore during the autumnal migration of sandpipers and plovers. Two years in succession I have seen men, old and young, murdering sandpipers and plovers at wholesale for the mere fun of doing it. Had they been "pot hunters," seeking to earn bread by shooting for the market, I should have pitied them perhaps—certainly I should have regretted their work, but I should have thought no ill of them. Their vocation would have been as honorable, for aught I know, as that of any other butcher. But a man of twenty, a man of seventy, shooting sandplings, ring plovers, golden plovers, and whatever else comes in his way, not for money, nor primarily for food, but because he enjoys the work! "A little lower than the angels!" What numbers of innocent and beautiful creatures have I seen limping painfully along the beach, after the gunners had finished their day's amusement. Even now I think with pity of one particular turnstone. Some being, made a little lower than the angels, had fired at him and carried away one of his legs. I watched him for an hour. Much of the time he stood motionless. Then he hobbled from one patch of eel grass to another, in search of something to eat. My heart ached for him, and it burns now to think that good men find it a pastime to break birds' legs and wings and leave them to perish. I have seen an old man, almost ready for the grave, who could amuse his last days in this way for weeks together. An exhilarating and edifying spectacle it was—this venerable worthy, sitting behind his bunch of wooden decoys, a wounded tern fluttering in agony at his feet. Withal, be it said, he was a man of gentlemanly bearing, courteous, and a Christian. *He did not shoot on Sunday—not he.*

COULDN'T.

A few days ago we noticed a little boy amusing himself by watching the frolicsome flight of birds that were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a bough of an apple tree near where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of his dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself for a good aim. The little arm was drawn backward without alarming the bird, whose throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea: "A-link, a-link, a-link, bob-o-link, bob-o-link, a-no-sweet, a-no-sweet, I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link, don't throw it, throw it, throw it," etc. And he didn't. Slowly the little arm fell to its natural position and the stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer.

Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we enquired: "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home." The little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning; and with an expression half shame, half sorrow, he replied: "Couldn't, 'cos he sung so."—*Kindergarten Magazine.*

SUPPOSE.

What a marvelous change in the treatment of horses would quickly occur if men were treated exactly as they treat their horses.

In that case whips would seldom be used.

Jerking the bit would cease; also

Yelling, cursing, pounding and kicking.

Check-reins would be very slack.

Blinders would be discarded.

Clipping and docking would go "out of style."

Big loads would rarely be seen.

Axle-grease would have a boom.

Better roads would be loudly demanded.

Wide tires would be universal.

Race-tracks would be "For Sale."

Stables would be light, clean and airy.

Horses would be watered frequently, fed regularly, and have a variety and sufficiency of food and a deep, soft bed at night. All which proves how mean, cruel and foolish some men are.

Humane Educator, Honolulu.

HORSE INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. J. A. Leitch of Andover, Mass., writes us that his horse Draco frequently, when he finds no water in his trough, turns the faucet by opening it with his teeth.

It may be possible that there is as much difference in the intelligence of animals as there is in the intelligence of human beings.

LITERARY CAT LOVERS.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is a cat lover, and the dear old countrywomen down in Maine, whom one loves to encounter in her stories, usually keep a cat, though theirs are only the farmer's plain useful cats. Miss Mary E. Wilkins is also a great admirer of cats. Mr. William Dean Howells says: "I like them on general principles." Col. Higginson confesses to a great fondness and admiration for cats, while those who are familiar with Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden" need not be reminded of the cat "Calvin" and his interesting traits. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman is a genuine admirer of cats, and evidently knows how to appreciate them at their full value.

TO SHUT OUT NOISE.

We have several times called attention to the importance of some invention to so cover the ears of sick and nervous persons as to shut out the noises of our city streets, and to the probability that the inventor of such an invention might realize a fortune from its sale. An American lady, now in Europe, writes us that at the *Zander Institute* at Wiesbaden, Germany, they have something of the kind. We shall write for full particulars.

We see it stated that a Frenchman has invented an instrument by the use of which one man's voice can be heard over a whole city. If this be true it is high time for another invention to shut out sound.

The advertisement ran: "A lady, in delicate health, wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domesticated, musical, early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience of nursing. Total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

Shortly afterwards this estimable lady received a parcel bearing the familiar inscription, "This side up with care." It contained a meek-looking tabby cat.

The Boston *Herald* on Monday told the story of Mr. Rufus Kendrick's incessant war of extermination of the English sparrows. It is a pitiful sight to see an old man, with one foot in the grave and the other shaking on its brink, spending his few remaining days and the little strength left in killing birds which the Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, has created for the human race.—*Woburn Journal.*

DWIGHT L. MOODY, EVANGELIST.

We have recently spent a few days at Northfield, Massachusetts, known throughout the civilized world as the birthplace and residence of the great evangelist, *Dwight L. Moody*, and as we looked at the large collections of buildings on one side of the Connecticut river, established by Mr. Moody for the education of poor boys, and on the other side of the river for the education of poor girls—all standing as so many monuments to tell of his great work—we thought of Sir Christopher Wren, who built St. Paul's Cathedral at London, and of those words inscribed upon it: "If you would know of me, circumspect" [look around.]

Many pleasant memories we have of Mr. Moody. It was through him that we obtained, away back in 1871, Farwell Hall, Chicago, for the meeting to organize the Illinois Humane Society, which at a personal cost to ourself of about six hundred dollars in money and several months in time, we had succeeded in organizing in what was then one of the most cruel cities of the world. It was through him that we had the privilege of addressing the great Maryland Sunday School Convention of delegates from every county in the State. It was through him that the town hall of Northfield was crowded to hear the evidence we had collected of crimes against public health in the sale of poisonous and dangerously adulterated foods.

The last time we met him we said, "Well, Mr. Moody, I see a man has been attacking you because you helped the little Roman Catholic Church in Northfield to get an organ." "Oh," was his reply, "that man is crazy; when we have converted all the Protestants then we will convert the Catholics. But," he added, "it will take three or four days more to convert the Protestants."

It is safe to say that when all the prominent politicians of the present day have gone to their final account and even their names have been forgotten, the grave of Moody on that little hillock in Northfield will be visited by thousands whose lives have been made more useful by the institutions which he established.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We know a hundred times more about Europe than Europe knows about us.

It is related that an English gentleman, being shown Bunker Hill monument, and told "here Warren fell," looked up at the monument and asked, "how far did he fall?"

A friend tells us that he has met several educated young Englishmen [some of them related to the nobility] who, while they could tell him all about the war in the Crimea, not only had never heard of the battle of Gettysburg, but did not even know that we had ever had any war between our Northern and Southern States.

These incidents call to mind the fact that while through Stoddard's illustrated lectures and otherwise our American people know a great deal about Europe, Europeans know comparatively very little about America, and the suggestion that if some man qualified for the task will do for America in Europe what Stoddard and others have been doing for Europe in America, he will not only reap a golden harvest for himself, but render a great service to his country. Possibly this article, copied into some of the over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines it reaches, may lead to such a result.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

An ill-paid clergyman called upon his deacon for an increase of salary.

"Salary," said the deacon, "I thought you worked for souls."

"So I do," said the minister, "but I cannot eat souls."

THE ENGLISHMAN.— "Don't forget, sir, that the Boers have one great advantage—they are on their own ground."

OTHER MAN.— "Then what are you fighting them for?"



From "Boston Sunday Journal," one of the many half-tones printed by that paper.

KIND LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN LADY IN ITALY.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Will you please accept my check of one hundred dollars, to use for yourself for something you may want? It is a little expression of my gratitude. I do hope you keep well. God bless you.

With many kind regards.

A NOBLE HORSE.

Not long ago a noble horse, named Poindexter, was taken ill in Boston. The animal's nerves were keyed up to a high pitch of excitement, and he could not be induced to lie down and go to sleep.

The veterinarians were in despair, when Poindexter's groom went into the stall and lay down. The horse seemed soothed by his presence. By degrees he grew calmer, and finally lying down, laid his delicate head on the man's shoulder and went to sleep.

The nervousness and apprehension of the horse seemed very human. Possibly he was afraid of death, afraid that the end might come when he slept, and wished to remain on his feet. Who knows? Certain it is that for three nights the horse slept quietly by his friend, and thus alone passed safely through the critical stage of his disease.

WITHOUT DOUBT.

Without doubt there are many persons who have no love for animals, and who think that horses, dogs, cats, birds, and others of God's [so-called] lower creatures are of little, if any, consequence when compared with even the poorest specimens of our own race.

But on the other hand there are and have been millions of human beings, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, whose whole lives have been and are made happier because of their love for these [so-called] lower creatures, and the love of these creatures returned to them.

ONE OF MANY.

"EASTERN CHRONICLE" OFFICE, NEW GLASGOW, NOVA SCOTIA.

GEORGE T. ANGELL,—

Dear Sir:—Your welcome publication, *Our Dumb Animals*, comes regularly to our office. Of all publications that would be calculated to do good, we would wish it circulated everywhere. Long may you be spared to use your pen.

PUBLISHERS OF "EASTERN CHRONICLE."

FOR THE BIRDS.

For a woman, with her gifts and graces, in this busy world, to turn her head-gear into a rookery for the display of stuffed birds, is to take a narrow view of her place and opportunity.

How can a woman flaunt a bird-scalp on her head without a hardening process going on in her heart, unfitting her to that extent for the tender ministrations and gentle manners that make her the charm of social life.

We suggest that every woman inclined to put her head into such uses, sit down for ten minutes under the old maple and listen to the cheery orchestra of happy bird-life, and then decide if any wish or act of hers shall go toward blotting out one such life. We give womanhood the credit of believing that her verdict in every such case would be for the life of the birds.

Those who protest against this sin of bird destruction are rapidly increasing, and the number of fair heads crowned with bird plumage is steadily lessening. *Heaven speed the day when nowhere in all the land shall there be one heart so selfish as to allow any bird-song to die out for the adorning of the feminine head.*

THE DOG LAUGHED.

The proprietor of a Third Avenue store owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.

New York Telegram.

AT THE SEASIDE.

Maud—"What are you reading?"

Pimmie—"A Man without a Country." It's such a painful story!"

Maud (looking drearily up and down the beach)— "It isn't half as painful as a country without a man."

Chicago Tribune.

L.—"Did the old gentleman leave much when he died?"

B.—"He left everything."

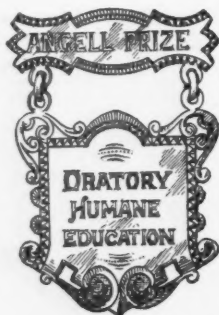
ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."



We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2.) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3.) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4.) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5.) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 75 cents at office, or 80 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE."

On the first day of issuing this book we had over a hundred orders for it, some of them for fifty and twenty-five copies.

"PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

We acknowledge from various friends donations to aid us in the gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which everyone reads with pleasure, and having read wants everybody else to read.

To those who wish to buy it the price for our edition is 10 cents, and Mrs. Carter's cloth-bound edition, for which the publisher's price is 75 cents, we are permitted to sell at 60 cents, or post-paid 65 cents.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address Art and Natural Study Publishing Co., Providence, R. I.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdie or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.

(3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4.) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

Hundreds of thousands of children can never be taught *directly* in our schools to love either their fathers or mothers, but they can be taught to be constantly saying kind words and doing kind acts to the lower creatures, and in this way may be made better, kinder and more merciful in all the relations of life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.

Do not let your cats or dogs disturb the sleep of your sick or well neighbors nights.

In moving don't forget your cat.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" I offer *One Thousand Dollars* for evidence to convict ten persons in Massachusetts of violation of our State law by *cruel vivisection*—namely, *One Hundred Dollars* for evidence in each case.

"Blessed are the merciful."

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

OPPOSE VIVISECTION.

Dr. J. D. Buck, of 116 West Seventh Street, said: "Vivisection is seldom, if ever, justifiable. Nothing is to be gained that would be of practical benefit to mankind."

Fourteen prominent physicians, who do not desire that their names be printed, said to a Post reporter that vivisection was of no practical benefit, chiefly because the anatomy of the human system cannot be learned from that of one of the lower animals. Even in mankind, said they, there are variations in the relative positions of the various organs. Nerves, veins and arteries do not run alike, there being as great a variance as there is in the size of people. The wholesale vivisection of animals, birds, etc., as practised in many of the colleges, was declared by them to be cruelty.

The ethics of the profession kept many from saying all they wanted to about the matter.

Cincinnati Post.

THE BELL OF THE ANGELS.

It is said, somewhere, at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
And a man may listen and harken
To the wondrous music that rings,

If he put from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartache, and weary longing
That throb in the pulses of life;

If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.

Let us look in our hearts, and question
Can purer thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?

So, then, let us ponder a little—
Let us look in our hearts, and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Can ring for you and me.

No paper on our exchange list appeals so forcibly to mercy and kindness as *Our Dumb Animals*.—D. E. HAYES, Editor *American Ploughman*.

THE BABY.

(From Harpers' Bazar.)

P.—"The question is, what shall we do with our new possessions?"

Y.—"I will tell you what I do with mine, I walk the floor nights with it."

Husband—"Ah, women are all alike! When I first asked you to marry me you said you wouldn't marry the noblest man living."

Wife (quietly)—"Well, I didn't, dear."—*Tit Bits*.

CASES OF CRUELTY INVESTIGATED.

Whole number of cases investigated by our office agents in August, 2,545; horses taken from work, 120; horses and other animals killed, 170.



By courtesy of the Perry Pictures Co.

THE DANGER OF HYPNOTISM.

RICHMOND, VA., Wednesday.—John Sweeney, who is well known in this city, was temporarily transformed into a maniac last night by the effects of hypnotism. A social party was given by Mrs. W. J. Tilman, and among the guests were Sweeney and Calvin Cooke, the latter an amateur hypnotist.

Cooke offered to give an exhibition of his skill, and Sweeney consented to be the subject. No sooner was the latter under the spell than he imagined himself a pugilist, and at once began to make a general attack upon all present, without regard to sex.

He soon cleared the house, and then began to demolish the front fence, using for the purpose a heavy ornamental urn. Sixteen men approached the young man, but he threw them right and left, and began tearing off his clothes.

A hurry call was then turned in for the police patrol wagon. It came with five policemen. The struggle resulted in the young man being handcuffed and his feet tied together. His captors held him on the ground while a physician administered a hypodermic injection of morphine. He was then hurried to a hospital and unbound. He then wrenched an iron bedstead apart.

More drugs were administered and finally he was quieted. To-day he has returned to his normal state, but weak and nervous. Sweeney has never been regarded as remarkable for physical strength.

N. Y. Herald.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

The American Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial stands ready to furnish any number of well-authenticated instances in which premature burial has either actually occurred or been narrowly prevented after the patient had been pronounced dead by qualified physicians. This has occurred to two acquaintances of the writer, both of whom are living to-day. Before attempting to discuss the question, my suggestion is that writers of the calibre of our friend, first read the recent work of Tebb and Vollum on "Premature Burial and How it May Be Prevented."

The French Academy has offered numerous prizes for tests to determine the existence of death.

H. GERALD CHAPIN, in *New York Times*.

Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

THE GREATEST CRIME HE EVER COMMITTED.

In the "Life of Colonel John Sobieski" occurs the following suggestive incident:—

"It is the saying among the French that an Englishman will rise on a beautiful morning and say: 'This is a glorious morning. Let us go out and kill something.' But I [Sobieski] never had a fondness for the murder of animals, birds, or even fish.

But some years ago I was stopping with a friend, a doctor in a little town in Illinois, and he proposed that we go out and kill something. So, giving me a gun and taking one for himself, we started for a small grove about two miles from his house, but failed to find anything to kill. The squirrels, which were our objective game, had evidently got an inkling of our coming, and kept out of sight. After an hour or so spent in the forest, we started to return to the house.

"Sauntering leisurely along under some tall elms I heard a bird singing, and looking up I saw a wee bit of bird perched upon a lofty limb, singing very sweetly. Without a moment's thought and without the slightest idea that I could hit so small a mark (for I had none of the spirit of murder in my heart), I up with my gun and banged away. I saw some feathers fly, and the little songster came dropping down from branch to branch, and fell at my feet. I stooped down and picked it up. It was a tiny little thing, not much larger than my thumb, of a yellowish green color, as beautiful as it could be. Then like a flash the thought came upon me: What a contemptible deed I had done. Here was one of God's beautiful creatures that had just as much right to existence as I, and its life, doubtless, was as sweet to it as mine was to me, and at that very moment that it was singing its beautiful songs to make the world more pleasant and glorious, I had brutally shot it to death.

"I carefully buried it among the leaves, and then promised myself that I would never again wantonly destroy life.

"I regard this the greatest crime I ever committed."

Father—"You seem to look at things in a different light since your marriage."

His Newly Married Daughter—"Well, I ought to, after receiving fourteen lamps and nine candelabras for wedding presents."

A young lady, who was a little behindhand in her outfit, surprised her parents the other day by asking why she was unlike George Washington. When they gave it up, she told them because she had no little hat yet.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"BANDS OF MERCY."

We omit the publication of our new "Bands of Mercy" until next month, when they will all appear. The total number now is forty-three thousand one hundred and thirty-nine.

SQUIRREL CHATTER.

Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r!
Good morning, sir!
If you wish to see me,
Come up in this tree.
I'm at home, as you see.
Here's my wife, sir! (she's shy;
Her name's Frisky; mine Spry.)
Now as I introduce
You, don't try any ruse;
Nor think of the stew
So nice we'd make you,
For, you see, we love life and liberty too.

Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r!
Now we'd much prefer
That that wicked gun
You'd aim at the sun,
Though it may be less fun
Than this rare sport to you;
But now, honest and true,—
If a squirrel you were,
And I a hunter,
Do you think you'd enjoy
The gunning, my boy?
Would there be so much fun in a shot or decoy?

But I meant to remark,
With my chattering bark,
That my wife, sir, and I
Were most happily
Taking breakfast, up high
On this wide-spreading bough,
Where we're picnicking now,
When you happened this way
In your ramble to stray;
For we're up with the sun,
And have had a good run
Over fences and tree-tops for nuts, and for fun!

And we just sit up,—so!
(On our haunches, you know,)
And hold with each paw
A nut with no flaw;
Then through it we gnaw:
And we drink the sweet dew
That the sunlight shines through;
Now, don't talk to me
Of your coffee and tea,
Or nice mutton chops;
Our nerves have no hops;
And dyspepsia never our junketing stops.

Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r!
You admire squirrel fur?
Yes, we think it's fine;
Can't well part with mine,
For it's just in my line!
If you aim with that gun,
Whisk! to this side I'll run!
Now just one word more:
Your Columbus sailed o'er
To this world in a ship.
We just take a chip,
And, spreading for a sail
A fine bushy tail,
We set out to sea.

Your Columbus was no better sailor than we.
MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK,
In Young Idea.

LONG LIFE.

Birds are, ordinarily, exceedingly long-lived. The swan, it is asserted by means of unquestionable records, has been known to exist three hundred years. A sea eagle,

captured in 1715, then already several years of age, died a hundred and four years afterwards, in 1819; and a white-headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn Castle, near Vienna, having passed a hundred and eighteen years in captivity. Numerous ravens and parquets have been known to live a hundred years and over. As with most birds, magpies live many years in a state of freedom, but do not reach over twenty or twenty-five in captivity. Caged canary birds live from twelve to fifteen years; but those flying at liberty, in their native land, reach a far more advanced age.

"DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!"

Dr. Stables comes to the defence of puss against the slander so often brought against her:

1. "*Cats are deceitful.*" They are not. The deceit is all on the human side of the dish. Cats are wary and suspicious; they have to be. How can we expect them to trust beings who use them more than brutally. A kitten is trusting even to a fault, but the ability to read character soon becomes developed, and then they see men and women in their true light.

2. "*If a cat is starved it will be a better mouser.*" On the contrary, a lean and weakly pussy has no heart to hunt, and lacks the essentials of a good mouser—patience and activity. But a well-fed cat will watch at night for hours by a mouse's hole, or a rat's hole, until he can pounce upon the prey.

3. "*Cats may suck a baby's breath away.*" This monstrous nonsense betrays the grossest ignorance.

4. "*Cats are thieves.*" Another stupid falsehood. Pussy is never a thief when well fed or treated. I have not far to go for an illustration. Lintin Low-erin here will sit by our back kitchen door beside the milk placed there by the dairymaid, and, although dying for a drop, he will not put a tongue to it, but when presented with a saucerful—as he always is when I am having my porridge—he sings all the time he drinks, showing how much he enjoys it. He is generally left asleep at night in a chair in the supper room, but he will touch nothing on the table. *He is far more honest than many a Christian I have met.*

5. "*Cat and dog life.*" Cats and dogs, when brought up together, live on terms of mutual friendship. But the former know that on the street a rough terrier is usually backed up by some rough little brute of a boy.

6. "*Cats won't wet their feet.*" Not in mud, if they can help it, because they are very dainty and cleanly animals, but I have known many cats that did not fear to take to the water, and that could even catch trout in small streams.

Many other stupid falsehoods regarding cats are told by ignorant persons, but they are believed by no one who really understands the cat's nature and habits.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

An organization called The American Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial has formally applied for a charter in New York. The theory on which the society is founded is that doctors and surgeons are prone to issue certificates of death without subjecting the body to an exhaustive physical test to prove whether life has actually departed. This is sought to be avoided by making it obligatory on physicians to determine the absence of life by some of the following certain means: Two or more incisions in an artery; the palm of the hand exposed to the flame of a candle not more than five inches away; a mirror or crystal held to the lips and no sign of respiration; a hot iron or steel placed against the flesh without producing blisters.

LITTLE FLORENCE AND THE COLLIE.

The story is told that *Florence Nightingale's* first patient was a wounded shepherd dog. Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, who were very charitable, provided their little girl with delicacies for the sick, which she carried in a little basket at her saddle bow when accompanying her pastor on his visits to the sick and poor. It was on one of these expeditions that the minister and the child saw an old shepherd, named Roger, trying to collect his sheep without the assistance of his good collie, Cap. "Where is your dog, Roger?" asked the dominie. "Some boys threw stones at him and broke his leg," almost sobbed the shepherd, "an' I'm thinkin' I'd better make an end o' his meesery." Florence ran into the shepherd's hut, knelt beside Cap, patted him with her little hand, and murmured words of pity and kindness. The pastor followed the child, and on examining Cap's injuries found them not so serious as the shepherd feared. Among the things ordered for the collie's relief were hot compresses. These the little girl insisted on applying herself to the afflicted member, and stayed beside Cap for several hours wringing cloths out of boiling water and laying them on Cap's leg.

MATINS.

I threw some crumbs from my window
At the falling of the night,
And I thought no more about them
Till, at break of morning light,
A ceaseless chirping and twitter
On the frosty air I heard;
'Twas the sparrows' morning blessing,
And my heart with joy was stirred;
For 'tis something to make happy
Even the heart of a bird.

It gave me a pleasant keynote
For the music of the day;
A song of thanks for each blessing
I should find along its way;
A thought for the joy of others,
And how oft with little care
I might give some crumbs of pleasure
To another heart, and bear
In my own a double measure
For the sake of another's share.

Oh! twitter ye little sparrows
O'er the scattered crumbs I threw;
We are holding morning service,
Ye are choir and preacher, too.
Whatever one thinks of the singing,
With the sermon there's no compare;
A thought of the blessed Master
To my waking heart ye bear;
His text was the little sparrows
When he told of his Father's care.

ISIDOR D. FRENCH,
In Boston Evening Transcript.

FOR THE HORSES.

Dip the bridle bits in water in cold weather before putting them in the horses' mouths. If you doubt the necessity put your tongue to a frosty nail. Use oil on the wagon in winter. Axle-grease stiffens in cold weather—becomes dry and hard.

Uncheck while standing, and blanket in cold weather.

Horses like a kind voice, and are not deaf as a rule. Don't yell at them.

Horses get tired and nervous and hungry and thirsty. Give them good beds to sleep on.

Don't make the load too heavy. Sharpen their shoes in icy weather. Give them always a lunch at noon.

STRIKES.

We republish this article as appropriate to the time:

MALAGA, SPAIN.

Our readers will remember that in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society" we offered two \$100 prizes for the best plans of settling the difficulties between capital and labor—and that we have sent very widely over our own country and the world the two essays which (out of ninety-five from writers in twenty-two States) won the prizes.

One of these pamphlets went to D. N. Burke, Esq., United States Consul at Malaga, Spain, and led him to write us how the difficulty had been solved in that city.

It seems that there were two cotton mills in Malaga, side by side.

In one during some 40 years they have been troubled with quarrels and strikes. In the other, employing about 2000 operatives during about 40 years, there has been only peace, harmony, mutual respect and kindness.

We will give a few quotations to show how this happened:

"In Malaga to-day exists a very striking and practical working of what the law of kindness, as applied by an employer to employees, has effected."

"How during all these years, in which so many changes have taken place, there has been no strike, no grumbling, no unrest, no complaints, no whisper of discontent! Have higher wages been paid in this mill than in the other? No. Have the hours of labor been fewer? No. Has the work been less laborious or fatiguing than in the other? No. Is there a different class of persons employed in this mill than the other? No. It is simply this: Senor Don Carlos Larios, the owner of the mill and the employer of the operatives, has applied the law of kindness to his employees. As every one says, he treated them well, he treated them kindly; he recognized that his employees were flesh and blood, as he was. He realized that when hurt they felt the pain just as he would; when without food they were hungry, just as he would be. He, in fact, substituted the law of kindness for the practice of greed. If an employee was sick, he sent a doctor to look after him and paid for the necessary medicines. In case the employee's illness continued, he paid on recovery the wages the person would have received had he or she been at work during the time. In case of the death of the employee, the wages went to the family of the deceased, and besides, if the circumstances of the family were such as to require it, he defrayed the expenses of burial. When his operatives married he helped to "set them up" in housekeeping by presenting to the married couple several household articles which are indispensable for those entering such a state. Extraordinary diligence and care on the part of the employee in his or her work, or greater activity displayed by an operative, was duly recompensed in some way at some time by the proprietor of the mill; and every operative being aware of this, sought to do his very best."

* * * * *

"The operatives had no labor organization. They needed none. Through this law of kindness the business of the mill was conducted. Discord, dissatisfaction, discontent, unrest and strikes were not on the programme of this mill. They had no use for labor agitators. If an operative had any ground of complaint he went at once to Senor Larios.

"The two thousand employees loved Don Carlos as they would a father; and if anyone had spoken ill of him in the presence of any employee, the employee would have resented it as quickly as if the ill-spoken word were uttered about the employee himself.

"He sought to follow the teachings of the Divine Master in doing to others what he would that they should do to him, and so when at the age of 75 he went on the 21st of last January to his God, his body was followed to the cemetery by about 30,000 of Malaga's citizens."

We wish that every capitalist in America would imitate his example. GEO. T. ANGELL.

Fifty Ohio miners have struck because the mules used in the mines where they worked were not properly fed. That is a strike that should have wide sympathy.

Exchange.

A CONTRAST.

A lovely bird in a gilded cage

Hung in a room of fair design;

Shell and seed, water and weed,

Fruit, and a glass wherein to see

His beauty, or think he has company,—

My lady's love and the sunshine bright;

A lovely bird, but caged! ah, caged!

A little brown sparrow, whose nest is hid

In the vine which shadows that room so fair;

The heavens above are its canopy,—

He may seek his food afar and wide,

And his chirp is dear to his little mate

Who watches for him both early and late;

A little brown sparrow, but free! ah, free!

MRS. S. P. WASHBURN.



VERY BAD BUSINESS WHICH HUMANE EDUCATION AND "BANDS OF MERCY" IN ALL OUR SCHOOLS WOULD PREVENT.

THE SINGER'S ALMS.

[AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT TENOR, MARIO.]

In Lyons, on the mart of that French town,
Years since, a woman, leading a fair child,
Craved a small alms of one, who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance and
smiled

To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul;
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good;

So, as he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
And with his hat held, as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face and sung his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce, where the singer stood, was filled,
And many paused, and, listening, paused again
To hear the voice that through and through
them thrilled.

I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity, woven in a song.

* * * * *
The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on and softly
thought,
"Men will not know by whom this deed was
wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng,
And flowers rained on him; naught could assuage
The tumult of the welcome save the song

That he had sweetly sung, with covered face,
For the two beggars in the market-place.

HENRY ABBEY.

A SILURIAN.

They built a fine church at his very door—

He wasn't in it;
They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—

He wasn't in it.
Let them work for themselves as he had done.

They wouldn't ask help of any one
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—
He wasn't in it.

So he passed the poor with a haughty tread—
He wasn't in it;

And he scorned the good with averted head—
He wasn't in it.

When men in the halls of virtue met,
He saw their goodness without regret;

Too high the mark for him to win it—
He wasn't in it.

A carriage crept down the street one day—
He was in it.

The funeral trappings made display—
He was in it.

St. Peter received him with book and bell:

"My friend, you have purchased a ticket to—well,
Your elevator goes down in a minute!"
He was in it.

From President King of Cornell College, Iowa:
"I could hardly wish a greater benediction for the children of the public schools of America than for your paper to be within the reach of all their pupils."

Receipts of M. S. P. C. A. for August, 1900.
Fines and witness fees, \$33.10.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

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All others in sums of less than one dollar, \$2.20.
Total, \$143.05.

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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$3.41.
Total, \$60.51.
Publications sold, \$47.81.
Total, \$547.47.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society in August.

Am. Humane Association, \$150; W. B. Harrison, \$10.33; H. Radclyffe, \$10; Mrs. J. A. Woodward, \$7; Mrs. L. D. Mack, \$5; Lover of Animals, \$1.
Sales of publications, \$16.43.

BOILED DOWN.

[Suggested by "Boil it Down," in *Our Dumb Animals*.]

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Condense as much as you can;
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or matters and things in town,
Don't take a page your story to tell,
When a couple of lines would do as well,
If you only boil it down.

When you write for the press in verse or prose,
Revise it again and again,
Till your thought in the smallest compass goes,
In words that are crispy and plain.
You'll surely escape the editor's frown,
And win applause and gain renown,
If you boil it again and again.

H. C. M.

AROUND THE WORLD.

"I don't believe there is another man in Boston who could have secured such a wide circulation for '*Black Beauty*' as you have," so said one of Boston's leading publishers to us some time since. "It is very simple," we replied. "Every month our little paper, '*Our Dumb Animals*,' goes to every newspaper office in North America, from Mexico to the North Pole.

"On every envelope is stamped, '*Our Dumb Animals*,' Boston, and when the editor in Florida, Texas, Alaska, or British America receives it he says, 'my wife, or my boy, or my girl wants that paper, or I want it myself,' and so it goes into the home instead of the waste basket, and thousands of editors copy from it, or write editorials suggested by it; and so we have had thousands of editorials about '*Black Beauty*,' and so that book has already reached [in our own and the various European and three Asiatic languages] a circulation, we think, of over three millions copies, and bids fair to be read sooner or later in the languages of all nations around the world; and wherever that book goes we intend that our '*Bands of Mercy*' shall follow, until their flags wave and their songs are heard around the world." GEO. T. ANGELL.

FORM OF WILL.

I do hereby give, devise, and bequeath to "The American Humane Education Society," incorporated by special act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of—[or if other property, describe the property.]

To give to "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," use the same words, only substituting its name in place of "The American Humane Education Society."

If there are inheritance or legacy taxes at the time of executing your will, please kindly say [if you so wish] that they are to be paid from the estate.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

If we were asked what paper should be in every home, next to *The Tribune*, we should answer unqualifiedly, *Our Dumb Animals*. No other in the United States is doing so much to cultivate the humane streak in humanity. Every child should read *Our Dumb Animals*.—Warren (Ohio) *Daily Tribune*.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

What is its circulation?
Answer—Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000; sometimes from 100,000 to 200,000.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of over twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society P. O. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following prices, free of postage:—

Black Beauty, in English or Italian, cloth 30 cts., paper 10 cts.
" " (German) " heavy paper 35 cts.
" " (Modern Greek) " paper 25 cts.
" " (Spanish) " paper 10 cts.
" " (Swedish) " paper 20 cts.

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The Strike at Shane's, cloth 25 cts., paper 10 cts.
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst, cloth 25 cts., paper 10 cts.

Four Months in New Hampshire, cloth 25 cts., paper 10 cts.
Beautiful Joe (at publisher's price), cloth, large, 72 cts., small 30 cts.

Angell Prize Contest Recitations, 16 cents each, postage paid. To Contestants, 6 cents, postage paid.
Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 8 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed, or cloth bound, 20 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed.

Address to Boston Public Schools, by Geo. T. Angell, 2 cents each, or Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell—Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-four for 10 cents; one hundred, 25 cents.

Bird Leaflet, by Geo. T. Angell, \$0.25 per 100
Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by Geo. T. Angell, 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or

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Fifty-two Band of Mercy Songs and Hymns, book form, two cents for the whole, or

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Band of Mercy Register, 8 cents.

Band of Mercy Card of Membership, large 2 cents, small 1 cent.

Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet, by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to every one asking.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

TERMS:

Single copies, per annum, 50 cents; for four copies and below ten, 45 cents each; for ten and below twenty-five, 40 cents; for twenty-five and below fifty, 35 cents; for fifty and below one hundred, 30 cents; and for one hundred and more copies, 25 cents, in advance. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the editor, Goddard Building, 19 Milk St., corner Hawley, Boston.

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